

Walls by nhasablog

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Summary:

Nancy is noticing in just what ways her boyfriends are different, and in just what ways they are the same.

Walls

Author's Note:

I'm such a sucker for poly ships, and these three are my latest obsession. I hope you enjoy!

Nancy tried not to do it, because she knew it was a bit of a sore topic for all of them to constantly worry that they were being compared, but she sometimes marvelled over just how different Steve and Jonathan were. It wasn't a bad marvel, mind you, and sometimes the differences were things that made this relationship so easy to be in, though she knew they wouldn't really believe her if she tried to explain it.

But her two partners were just different enough that it became apparent no matter how hard she tried to not notice it.

Jonathan was quiet, but he didn't shy away from showing his emotions in the way Steve had a habit of doing. Having played the sort of role that required him to be cold and detached pretty much his entire life had left its traces, but Nancy and Jonathan were doing their best to show him that it was okay to feel. Jonathan, on the other hand, was constantly worried that he would get made fun of for whatever he was feeling. Years of loneliness and bullying did that to people. He had an easier time showing things, but he always looked away in embarrassment afterwards.

Steve was scared of his feelings. Jonathan was ashamed of his. Nancy couldn't really blame either of them, but she hated it nevertheless.

It was during moments like this, where the three of them were relaxed and cozy on Nancy's couch, that she saw the differences interact the most. Steve, out of the world's sight there in the empty except for them house, shed his walls like a second skin. Nancy could tell from the way he had practically attached himself to their sides, barely letting either of them move at all. It was endearing, though she acted as if she was exasperated by it (because maybe her boyfriends weren't the only ones who couldn't handle their emotions).

Jonathan still kept a wall up, though it wasn't as thick as it usually was, and therefore would be easy to crack would the situation require them to. Nancy was almost on top of Steve in order to reach Jonathan too, legs tangled together and fingertips grazing a bare arm. Jonathan didn't say so, but his expression spoke volumes and she knew he loved being close to them both.

"Okay, you've practically missed the entirety of the movie with how much you've been staring at him," Steve suddenly said, and Nancy looked up from where she was resting her head on his chest. He didn't look mad. Maybe a little jealous. She wasn't entirely sure.

"I'm not staring," she said, withdrawing her hand and sitting back so that she could look at them both properly. Their legs were still touching.

"It's okay to admit it. He does look extra good today."

Jonathan's face was bright red, but he couldn't keep his shy smile from spreading, which Steve of course noticed.

"Oh, come on. Don't tell me you didn't dress up a bit on purpose."

"Maybe I did," Jonathan mumbled, not looking Steve in the eyes.

"And fix your hair just a little bit."

"Maybe."

"See? I don't blame you for staring at all, Nance."

Steve did this thing where he complimented them by using the other to do so. Nancy had seen through that instantly, though she reckoned she couldn't exactly call him out on it, because at least he was *trying*, and that was enough.

"He does look very good today," Nancy agreed. "But then again, he always does. As do you."

"Hey, this isn't about me."

"But she's been staring at you too," Jonathan said. "You just haven't

noticed it.”

Maybe Nancy needed to learn how to be more discreet.

“Really?” She could tell Steve was wavering between being pleased and being playful about it, and in the end he settled for something in between. “Well, aren’t you a charmer.”

Nancy laughed, feeling a bit shy about this whole thing now herself. “Let’s just watch the movie.”

“Uh, no. You’ve missed the entirety of it, and I’m not filling you in.”

Nancy opened her mouth to reply, but was cut off by Steve suddenly grabbing her and pulling her on top of him briefly to get her between them instead. “What are you-”

“I literally have no idea,” Steve said before worming his fingers under her arms, causing giggles to bubble up her throat instantly. “But all I know is that I want to hear you laugh.”

Steve was turning a somewhat loaded situation into a playful one, and when Jonathan joined in by squeezing at her thighs she knew he was happy for it too. God, those two. She really needed to teach them that they had nothing to be scared or ashamed of when it came to her, but maybe she’d save it for a time when she was actually breathing properly.

“Dohohon’t!” she cried, her laughter filling the room until the rest of them barely fit anymore. Steve was laughing too, although it was more of a mock laugh to tease her. Asshole.

On her other side, Jonathan was grinning hugely with no trace of being embarrassed for it, but then again, she couldn’t really tell for sure. She managed to grab his hand, and he didn’t really put up a fight when she shoved it away from her. Steve wasn’t as easy to fend off, but he backed off only a moment later, visibly pleased at the panting mess she’d become.

“I hate you both,” she choked out, exhausted yet still on edge just in case they would get her again. “You’re the worst. The. Worst.”

They just laughed, and it was genuine and unafraid, so she couldn't stay too mad at them.

Author's Note:

Here's my [tumblr](#).